

WADCO NEWS



Volume 2

Plainville, Mass., Nov. 10, 1921

Number 21



INSPECTION DEPARTMENT

The above picture is another of a series of photographs taken throughout the plant and shows the young ladies through whose hands all bags must pass for inspection before shipping to the customers. This is a very important part in the making of a mesh bag. Miss Bertha Goyette, who is in charge of this department has been with the Whiting & Davis Co. for 10 years.

A REAL PEPTOMIST

It was indeed a treat Thursday evening, Oct. 27th, to hear among the others, Mr. Samuel Vanclain of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, at a gathering of the Associated Industries of Massachusetts, held, in the Copley Plaza, Boston, deliver an address full of pep, encouragement and initiative regarding the general industrial situation in this country.

Those who have followed the career of this Industrial Giant, know well he practices what he preached that night. To those present he said with all the emphasis he was capable of "Go get the Orders, they are yours, and more than can be filled, for the man who is determined to go to it."

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Song of Metal Mesh

From the Vikings bold and the
Knights of old
To the modern lady-fair,
A tapering thread of metal bright
Has become like a silver hair.

At anvil and armorer's forge,
The first rough work was done—
And the links were crude for a purpose rude,
As they fashioned them, one by one.

Then ho, for the tribal wars!
Sing ho, for the Great Crusades!
And the march of Time rolled on,
sublime,
To the era of Arts and Trades!

There is nothing so magic as Time.
There was never a wizard like Man.
From a coat of mail to a fairy veil
These two have bridged the span.

From a coat of mail—to a fairy veil!
Behold! It has come to pass—
For we *wear* our metals as dainty-light,
As cobwebs on the grass!

—H. L. A.

The New Tags.

THE NEW TAGS

All Whiting & Davis Mesh Bags will shortly carry an identification tag either in blue or white.

The blue tag will be attached to all bags of "Whiting" soldered mesh.

The white tag will be attached to all other Whiting & Davis mesh bags.

The principal object of these tags is to furnish to dealer and consumer an easily seen and unmistakable means of:

1st, identifying Whiting & Davis Mesh Bags, and

2nd, a method of distinguishing at a glance between Whiting & Davis bags of soldered mesh, and the others.

Each of the two bags will carry appropriate text; and particular mention will be made of these merchandising tags in our national advertising to the consumer. Prospective purchasers of Whiting & Davis Mesh Bags will be told to look for the blue or white tag when buying a mesh bag.

In addition to this means of identification the recently designed trademark will be stamped on the frame of every Whiting & Davis bag. Mention of this will be made, also, in our national advertising.

With these means of assuring the woman about to buy a mesh bag that the one she holds in her hand is a genuine Whiting & Davis product, there is certainly a strong personal incentive for each one of us to try that his or her bit of work in each bag is up to the Whiting & Davis guarantee and tradition of superior quality.

Let's do it!

THE WADCO AD-MAN.

Note: Look for the Ad-Man's talk in each of the Wadco News. He will have something interesting to tell you.

There are approximately 50,000 people employed in the cotton mills in the Providence District this year, against a rising 39,000 last year at this time.

Wadco News

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by Employees of Whiting & Davis Co.
Plainville, Mass.

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Dick Barton	Mesh Dept.
Ted Peterson	Stamp Dept.
Erwin Sylvia	Tool Dept.
Frank Brown	Bench Dept.

COMMERCIAL PRESS-PRINTERS

From "American Woolen Booster"

"If we are to make our prices low enough to be attractive in the world's markets, if we are to sell our products at the ends of the earth, management and men must join hands to achieve this result. Their interests cannot be separated, for on the profits of manufacturing depend the wages of workers, on the plentiful production of goods depends this cheap distribution to consumers. No little disputes. No petty jealousies. No needless misunderstandings should be allowed to obstruct our industrial progress."

William M. Wood.

ALL IN THE STATE OF MIND

If you think you're beaten, you are.
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you'd like to sell, but think you can't,
It's almost a cinch you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you're lost.
For in selling goods you'll find
Success begins with the salesman's will.
It's all in the state of mind.

Cont'd from page 1, col. 1

Only recently a news item stated Mr. Vaulain returned from a trip abroad with \$50,000,000 worth of orders in his pocket. This man, than whom the Industrial World can show no brighter star, is 79 years of age, the embodiment of health, vigor, enthusiasm, and a true believer in industry.

Edith Hartman's Motto:—If you want anything done right, do it yourself. That's what she told Ida, and I guess she's beginning to believe it.

IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you:
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting, too:
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss:
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your term long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much:
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son.

Rudyard Kipling.

Mrs. Joseph Brown wishes to express the sincere thanks of herself and family for the kindness shown by Whiting & Davis employees during her recent bereavement in the loss of her husband.

Carriages are used without wheels, even where there is no snow. Such conveyances are to be seen in Madeira. They are drawn by bullocks and are on runners, which glide over the rough cobble stones with which the streets in that island are paved.

FROM PEACEFUL VALLEY

The Ford is my Auto: I shall not want another: It maketh me to lie down beneath it: it soureth my soul: It leadeth me in the paths of ridicule for its name sake.

Yea, tho' I ride through the valleys I am towed up the hills for I fear much evil:

Thy rods and thy engine discomfort me.

I anoint thy tires with patches, my radiator runneth over.

I prepare for blow-outs in the presence of mine enemies.

Surely, if this thing follow me all the days of my life, I shall dwell in the bughouse forever.

ANTLERS IN A HURRY

Wonders of the Stag's "Crowning Glory"

The stag's antlers are one of the greatest mysteries of nature. His great horns are grown and shed every year. The whole of these great masses of solid bone, which in many species of deer are heavier than the entire skeleton of a man, grow to perfection in two or three months, and are shed after the stag's season of love-making in the autumn.

If you saw a full-grown stag in early spring you would notice that, instead of great branching horns, his head bears nothing but two small, fur-covered knobs. A few weeks later tiny antlers have begun to sprout. They are still only a few inches in length, and are covered with a downy fur.

A Miracle of Nature

After two months or so the stag is crowned with a pair of full-grown antlers, bearing one branch for each year of his life. He wears them through the summer and early autumn, when he fights the heroic battles which take place in the courting season. Then the roots of the antlers wither, and one day they are shed completely.

How he manages to grow these huge bones in the space of a few weeks is a riddle that has never been solved. We know what a bad time a child has when it is growing bone in the form of teeth. Yet the stag grows bone weighing more than hundreds of teeth every year of his life, and apparently feels no worse for the experience.

I'LL DO ALL I CAN! WILL YOU?



VIEW IN REAR OF FACTORY

A BIT OF OLD NEW ENGLAND

The above picture was taken in the rear of the factory and shows the woods stripped of their foliage. Few can look at scenes such as this and not appreciate what nature has done for New England. We who are living in the midst of it hardly give it passing attention. With many it is only when others come here from less interesting parts and our attention is called to it that we feel that here is a good place to live and work.

COMMUNICATION

Just a line or two in regard to the change of passageway in the factory. Perhaps the idea is alright, but, we wonder if "Mr. Morgan" who suggested the above rule, stopped to consider the danger some of our lives would be in case of fire, by only having one exit.

Ed. Note: The stairway in question is closed at the time of starting and stopping of the day's work on account of its being a dangerous stairway (a narrow and winding one). In case of fire all exits can be used. The State Fire Inspectors see to this.

It is with heartfelt gratitude that I wish to thank all my friends and shopmates for their kindness to me during my illness. Especially do I wish to thank all those who contributed toward the many beautiful flowers which I received while at the hospital.

—Bertha G. Cote, R. I. N.

LAUGH WHILE YOU MAY

Learn to laugh; a good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn how to tell a story; a good story, well told, is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick-room.

Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself; the world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to stop croaking; if you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under pleasant smiles; no one cares to hear whether you have headaches, earaches, or rheumatism.

Learn to meet your friends with a smile, a good-humored man or woman is always welcome, but the dyspeptic is not wanted anywhere.

Above all, give pleasure; lose no chance of giving pleasure.

You will pass through this world but once.

Any good thing, therefore, that you can do, or any kindness that you can show to any human being, you had better do it now; do not defer or neglect it.

For you will not pass this way again.

The patrons of the Factory Restaurant would appreciate the Bryant & Stratton graduates smoking outside rather than at the tables.

We have an inquiry from one who wonders if the H. C. L. gives one the right to do home work and draw relief. If so, it pays to join the relief.

MIDDLEBORO NEWS

Sarah Gomes was always with us at the noon hour, but of late "Sadie" spends this hour elsewhere. We all miss her.

Corina, did you forget to wash the ends of your sash? Or accidentally soil them? We noticed you scrubbing away like a real washer-woman!

One noon hour Mrs. Goodwin came strolling into the factory as if she had all the time in the world. Someone said, "How's it happen you're here so early?" The lady hardly knew how to reply. But finally after gazing at the clock (the best in town, Mr. Heintz says) she realized it was only 12.50. Her own, "little keeper" read 1.10 p. m.

F. Penniman

A GOOD TIME

A jolly time lots of fun
With a crowd, you know,
So away upon an outing
Frances thought she'd go.

Dressed herself in rubber boots
Higher than her knees,
Put a hat upon her head
"How do I look in these?"

Then catching up a pail
Down to the shore she went
"Now I'll get some oysters."
Was her bold comment.

Oysters saw her coming
Scuttled out of sight.
Quick she grabbed a few
And held with all her might.

To walk upon a strip of mud
She thought 'twould be a "cinch".
Then found herself stuck fast,
And couldn't move an inch.

Pictures of brides appeal to Marie,
She gazes in rapture and exclaims,
"Oh, Gee!
Isn't she sweet. Oh, say!
I'd like to get married every day."

Annie's chair is vacant,
She decided far to roam
And in the groves of California
To make her future home.

One of the fastest workers,
And many stories she told,
Oh, yes, indeed, we miss her,
And the candy that she sold.

—H. Goodwin.

I'LL DO ALL I CAN! WILL YOU?

CAUGHT IN THE MESH

WANTED, A MAID. One who fully understands the art of hair-dressing. Replies addressed to Nellie A. Nellie finds it would be more profitable to have a hairdresser than to spend so many hours with the rags and curling irons.

What is the great attraction at Atleboro Falls, Nellie? There must be something, when you will walk both ways to see the little boy.

Brownie: "Al, get me some candy, will you?"

Al: "What kind do you want?"

Brownie: "Oh, anything soft that I can chew."

BOWLING SCORE—W. & D.

Men and Girls' Contest, Oct. 21st

Girls				
Hemingson,	75	87	77	239
Miller,	84	89	92	265
Esan,	75	74	76	225
Cooke,	68	80	88	236
Whiting,	83	79	84	246
	413	381	417	1211
Men				
Manchester,	80	90	94	264
Crotty,	94	83	80	257
Evans,	71	79	66	216
Meighan,	85	87	86	258
Rice,	86	86	84	256
	416	425	410	1251

The girls on the inspecting bench are talking of donating a dictionary for the use of those who are asked to "please elucidate."

I love that little girl named "Anna". With her hair like a "Bolshevik Banner",
And her eyes of true blue,
They thrill me clear thru—
In a "come and get me" manner.

Phoebe of the Soldered Mesh Dept. is loftily preparing as "Teller" to the Walco as well as inspector. The mesh needs your inspection. Phoebe—quit telling.

The girls would like to know what is under the benches that is so attractive to Horace. Any explanation offered?

I would like to know how many girls are so nice when at a public dance that they cannot speak to their shopmates. Please raise your hands. (Signed) A Shopmate.



RALPH MORGAN
SEEING ROME ON SIX DOLLARS

By Ralph Morgan.

Our party of five left on the midnight express for Rome, from Naples. Arriving early next morning at eight, we bought return tickets at once as a precaution, and then set out, with six dollars each, to see everything in sight.

We just explored the Coliseum, which is a vast structure, much larger than anticipated. In the afternoon we went through the Pantheon, which is not nearly as impressive as we had imagined.

The second day we visited the minor attractions, and finished with a long inspection of the Forum ruins.

The last day we rode out for three miles on the famous Appian Way, and explored the Catacombs, where we went hundreds of feet underground. That afternoon we crossed the Tiber and rode out to the Vatican and St. Peter's Cathedral, which we considered the most magnificent buildings of their kind in Rome. Sure we were "dead-broke" when we reached Naples, and suggested to a boat-man that it would be good exercise for him to row us out to our ship, which he did.

Ralph Morgan is now working in the Coloring Room at his old job.

Girls, let us all get together and from now on cut and join our bags right at the start and no orders will lay on the shelf for repairs. Good dope, girls.

Mayshaw never knew what a real kiss was until he got one on the way home from the late Rube Ball. Ask him to tell you about it.

Annie E. "Can I use your powder, Anna?"

Anna S. "No!"

Annie E. "Why?"

Anna. "Because it costs me one dollar a box."

Doris M—n seems rather unsettled as to her position not grammatically speaking, or regarding her employment, but nevertheless she seems to have adopted the Full Fashioned position. This is an individual viewpoint.

Ask Annie Esau how she enjoys riding in a Cadillac. She says she don't know which she likes best, Joe, Walter or Harry.

Vange always has a smile for everyone, but it can't beat the broad grin she wears when she spies her beau.

Lena and Gene have postponed their engagement. We wonder what Al thinks of it all. Brownie says she'll never trust another man.

"Have you washed your face, my son?"

"Yes, mother."

"Combed your hair?"

"Yes, mother."

"Did you say your morning prayer?"

"Well, I said the same one Katie did."

"What was the prayer, my dear?"

"O Lord, how I hate to get up."

Lillian, where did you get that broad grin that you wear lately? Did it come when Dandy paid your fare on the car the other night?

No, Ethel isn't engaged to Clarence B. He is only a big brother to her.

Elizabeth is sure enjoying her quart of milk a day and in time we hope to see you reach Eva's size.

We wonder what Mrs. R. was doing with the balloons at the Brockton Fair?

If you want to get Annie's goat, just tell her you are a bag short or an order, and then wait and see.

We are all after the patent of Mrs. Casey's wash wringer.